

1977

1978

PAIDIA









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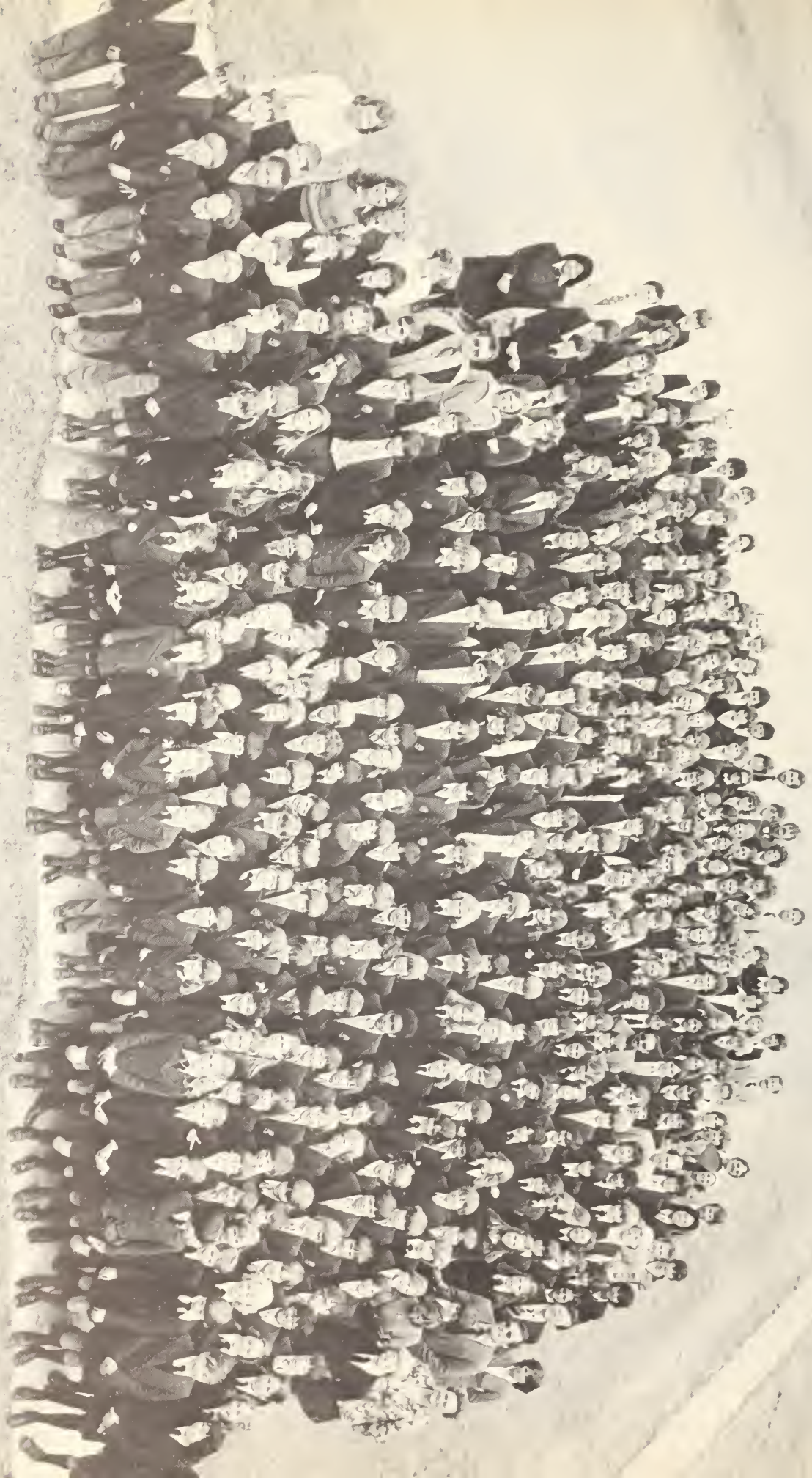


# **PAIDIA**

**1977-78**



**STRATHCONA-TWEEDSMUIR SCHOOL  
OKOTOKS, ALBERTA**



# dedication

THIS SEVENTH EDITION OF PAIDIA IS DEDICATED TO  
THE MANY PEOPLE WHO CONTRIBUTE TO THE LIFE OF  
OUR SCHOOL. IN PARTICULAR, WE EXPRESS OUR  
APPRECIATION TO - THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, THE  
MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL SOCIETY, THE PATRONS AND  
DONORS, THE PARENTS AND FRIENDS, AND THE  
HEADMASTER AND STAFF.

JAY CROSS, EDITOR

John Ballem, Peter Bruner, Michael Detlefsen, Gail Gilley, Simon Goldstein, Anne Hordos,  
Kevin Laurence, Tina Lim, David Longcroft, Lisa Parker, Jennifer Pratt, Lindsay Rohloff,  
Vinay Ruparell, David Shutiak, Erin Willumsen, David Wootton.

Faculty Advisor - Mr. Peter Ditchburn

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HARVEY TRIMBLE



# chairman's address

Text of the address given at the annual Prizegiving and Closing Exercises, June 17, 1978, by the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mrs. Ralphine Locke.

Honored guests, ladies, gentlemen and students, welcome to the seventh annual prize-giving day and closing exercises for Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School.

For our graduating class, this is a very special day, and it is to our graduates that I would like to address my opening remarks.

In our society, the end of Grade Twelve represents a landmark. You have suddenly gained the status of young adults - and as young adults, society expects you to begin to take control of your own lives. And that involves choices - lots of them.

One of the important choices you will be making in the next few weeks will be the selection of a university and the programme you are going to follow. Or, your choice may be to postpone university and spend a year or two developing a new perspective - in work experience or travel.

When you are pondering your choice - setting your goal for the immediate future - take a moment to think of the choices that were made by your parents in bringing you to this moment when the future lies so bright before you.

Your parents made a choice when they selected this school for you. It wasn't the easy route that they took. They committed themselves to not only a significant financial outlay, but they also made a commitment to a philosophy - the philosophy on which this school was built.

This might be a good time to take a moment to think of how our school came to be, and of what is really happening here.

The great traditions of Western Canada are founded in courage, vision, and personal initiative, and these factors are what led a group of Calgary citizens, a few years ago, to look for something better for their children, and then get to work to make it happen.

They had two choices. One was to take the easy route, letting someone else, that elusive "they" we hear so much about, make the decisions for their children's education. Or, they could choose to develop a school in which they could bring into focus the philosophy of personal commitment, self-motivation and responsibility.

Somehow, after making their choice, they found a way to make it happen, and our School, as we know it today has developed. And it is still evolving. We, your parents and their representatives on the Board, are still making choices, and accepting the responsibility for those choices.

Whether consciously or not, you have been influenced by the philosophy that created our School. It is a philosophy which I believe can help you to carve a future for yourselves - a future that will bring you a large measure of satisfaction as you find the value in personal commitment, self-motivation and responsibility for your own lives.

Good luck with those choices!

# faculty





## HEADMASTER

W.A. Heard

B.Ed. (University of Alberta), A.T.C.

Assistant Headmaster - Director of Studies  
P. B. Ditchburn

B.A., Dip.Ed. (University of Melbourne), M.Ed.  
(University of Calgary), A.T.C.

C.J. Tottenham, B.A., M.A. (University of Toronto), A.T.C. Head of Senior High School,  
Department Head, Modern Languages.

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Calgary), A.T.C.

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J.E. Schmit, B.A., M.A. (Gonzaga University), A.T.C. Department Head, English.

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B. Sills, Maintenance Supervisor

D. Wakelund, Transportation

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Mrs. R. Widney, Secretary

K. Headrick, Maintenance

C. Coultry, Transportation



Back Row: Jamie Bertram, Craig Harding, Paul McKenna.

Third Row: Mr. Tottenham, Mrs. Foster, Shauna Willumsen, Howard Green, Marco Arietti, Sandy Morrison, Geoff McMillan, Brant Rayment, Mike Colborne, Dawn Springer, Doug Chapman, Mariana Chu.

Seated: Susan Willumsen, Virginia Wilson, Gretchen Cross, Melanie Tetrault, Leanna Gaskell, Jodi Costello, Munira Shireen, Laura Tynan.

Front Row: Dwayne Morberg, Mark Heard, Tom Hadway, Mike Kerr, Greg Ross, Ross Willis, Jim Thomasson, Rod Kirkham.



Heather Gilley, Heather Johnson

Pam Knight

Christine Leung, Desmond Tam



# CLASS OF '78



# JUNIOR SCHOOL



# 1



## Back Row

Dale Ohlson  
Mrs. Wyatt  
David Pridie  
Jessica Peters  
Aisling Reidy  
Lisa Hadway  
Janell Suchorab  
Mrs. Paul

## Front Row

Joel Hoderek  
Ben Redwood  
Adony Melathopoulos  
Sarah Wood  
Nicole Tetrault

## Back Row

Francesco Vinci  
Fidi Mahmud  
Darin Millward  
Michael Wedgwood  
Michael Frost  
Ross Stevens  
Scott Holt  
Sean Lawrence  
Mrs. Mitchell  
Myrna Vallance

## Front Row

Susan Anderson  
Martina Vicha  
Kimber Pipella  
Heather Dodge  
Sandra Anderson  
Evelyn Vratsidas

## Absent

Jason Bell  
Stephen Brill  
Michael Vervena

# 2



# 3



## Back Row

Erin Ross  
Allyson Pridie

## Middle Row

Shelley Beattie  
Kelly Rae  
Karen Daugherity  
Peter Robinson  
Michael Simon  
Mrs. Scott  
Sarah Ditchburn  
Scott Jensen  
Bryan Anderson  
Alessandro Mansutti  
Alison Wood  
Steven Grover

## Front Row

Michael Besse  
Pat Pidgeon  
Regan Hay  
Andrew Wilson  
Raymond Zeilstra  
Tony Kaul  
Jason Skilton

## Back Row

Leslie Kende  
Kemp Hart  
Jamie Gould  
Scott Foster  
Grant Siebold  
Stephen Ellis  
Harold Geist  
David Sedgewick  
Darin Ekstrom

## Middle Row

Elizabeth Mendelman  
Teresa Shutiak  
Mrs. Kerr  
Valerie Wilson  
Claire Taylor  
Natalie Nelson

## Front Row

Carolyn Pierce  
Michelle Stevens  
Barbara Faenzi  
Sandra Hordos  
Chantel Jensen  
Brett Coyne

# 4



# 5A



## Back Row

Mr. Wood  
 Ronald Bosley  
 David Brown  
 Trudy Adam  
 Catherine Komlodi  
 John Burns  
 Andrew Mackenzie  
 Curtis Darmohray  
 Jennifer Kerr

## Front Row

Jocelyn Armstrong  
 Elizabeth Johnson  
 Jill Cross  
 Robert Elliott  
 Robert Eirich

# 5B

## Back Row

Miss McGuffin  
 Karim Mahmud  
 Tara Pipella  
 Nicholas Pryde  
 Darcy Ohlson  
 Jose Zeilstra  
 Darren Simonelli  
 Michael Minnes  
 David Trimble

## Front Row

Iam Willumsen  
 Virginia Wilson  
 Laura Shutlak  
 Ivana Vicha  
 Leslie Ann Trimble



# 6A



## Back Row

Howard Daugherity  
Mr. Bauman  
Bradley Fennell  
Andrew Longdale  
Logan Stanfield  
John Armitage  
Christy Los  
Karen Detlefsen  
David Elliott  
Robert Kaul  
John Anderson  
Geret Coyne

## Front Row

David Holt  
Heidi Heuttler  
Deborah Komlodi  
Kari Fox  
Dawn Ekstrom  
Alex Goldstein

# 6B

## Back Row

Leroy Newman  
Phillip Thiessen  
Kent Pallister  
Michael Pierce  
Andrew Rhind

## Middle Row

Alan Sorby  
Shamash Nathu  
Enea Mansutti  
Jason Wolfe  
John Pidgeon  
Barry Warhaft  
Mrs. Duff

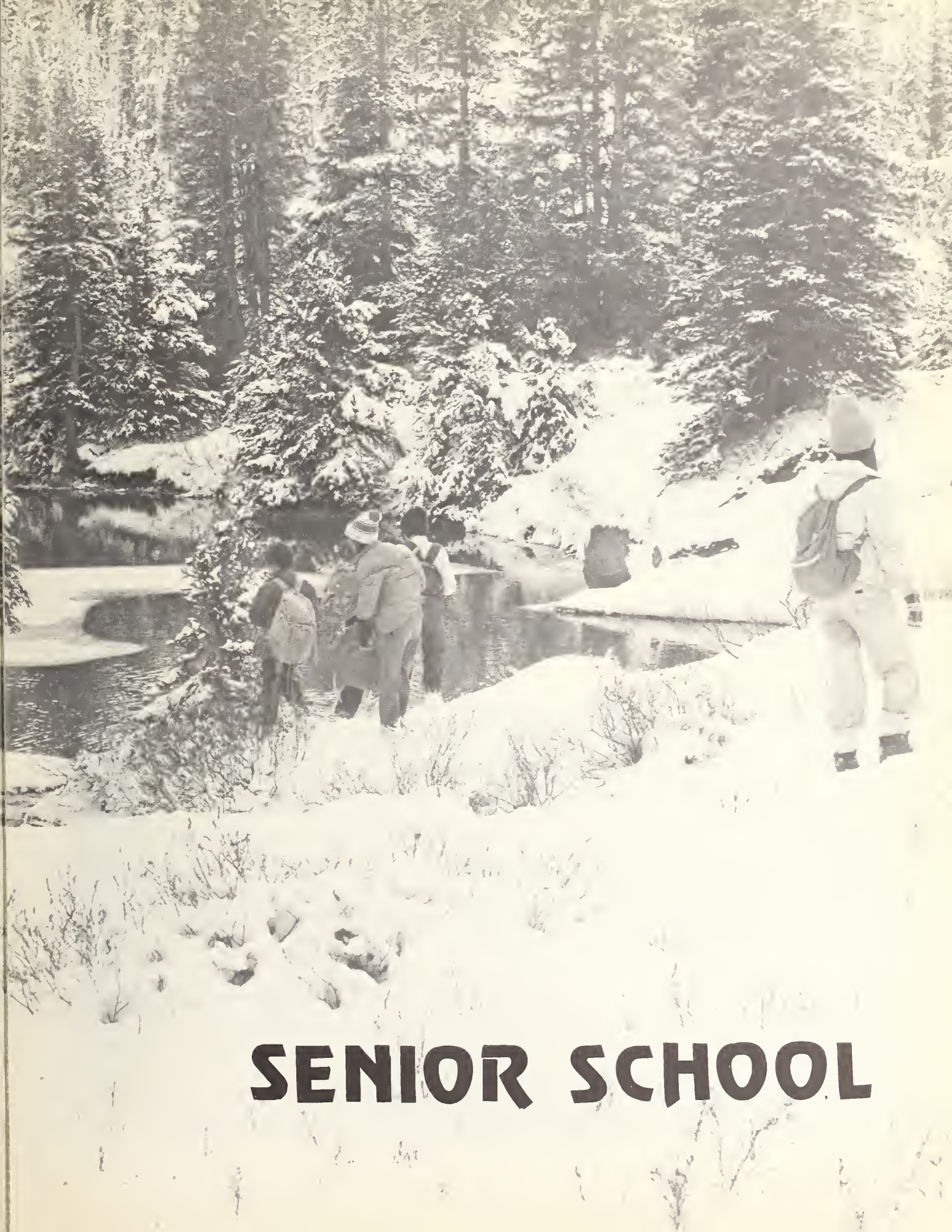
## Front Row

Kim Morrison  
Sandy Rae  
Dena Skalin  
Annette Zeilstra  
Tracy Trimble

## Absent

Bill Monks





# SENIOR SCHOOL

# 7A



## Back Row

Lael Hunter  
Glenn Coskey  
Mauritzio Faenzi  
Siobhan Chandler  
Mrs. Clark  
Kirsten Detlefsen  
Mrs. Ropchan  
Cameron Craine  
Sherri-Lee Coady  
Mary-Anne Brown  
Sandra Fox

## Front Row

Murray Bodor  
Greg Bauman  
Patrick Lampman  
Kevin Copeland  
Peter Eaton

## Absent

Leigh Clarke  
Steven Ferchau  
Gordon Hamilton  
Perry Johnson

## Back Row

Sean Ross  
Jeff Rui  
Andrew Molitor  
Mr. Taylor  
Stephen Trimble  
Cameron Rohloff

## Middle Row

Jackie Paget  
April McColl  
Claire Lewis  
Robin Suche  
Luisa Rottig  
Cathy McKenna  
Judith Martin

## Front Row

Anthony Munch  
Tomaso Mansutti  
Bobby Parsons  
Michael Thakkar

## Absent

Dayla Nastiuk  
Christina Sommerfeldt

# 7B



# 8A



## Back Row

Mr. Koning  
Scott Clark  
Mike Brown  
Clay Hunter  
Frank Ashworth  
Richard Barrass  
Will Harvie

## Middle Row

Barbara Dunlop  
Sharon Hadway  
Tessa Graham  
Alison Brooman  
Roddy Heard  
Seema Ganatra  
Catherine Barrett  
Martina Faenzi  
Rafaella Arietti

## Front Row

Kevin Fennell  
Graham Gilley  
David Diskin  
Eric Hasiuk  
Tim Hayoz  
Karl Geist

## Back Row

Hugh Kennedy  
Ross Newman  
Mark Stang  
John Willumsen  
Mr. Wilson  
Andrew Wilson  
Barbara Melathopoulos  
Andrew Penman  
Colin Taylor

## Middle Row

Tracey Taylor  
Wendy Maguire  
Amanda Longcroft  
Lorraye Saik  
Carol Reggin  
Paula Skilton

## Front Row

Mark O'Donoghue  
Larry Lim  
Larry Komlodi  
Robert Morrison  
Richard Pierce  
Peter Shutiak  
Paul Proctor

# 8B



# 9A



## Back Row

Mr. McConnell  
Ken Drisdale  
Greg Borm  
Elizabeth Ashworth  
Erin Carpenter

## Middle Row

Sara Goldstein  
Donna Hadway  
Sabre Anderson  
Debbie Drisdale  
Kimberly Dalton  
Anita Chakravorty  
Moirra Carroll

## Front Row

Josh Barron  
Bob James  
Peter Gammell  
Geoff Code  
John Bilton  
Bart Borrett

## Back Row

Diane Martin  
Letizia Mansutti  
Leroy Thiessen  
Murray Laidlow  
Firoz Shah  
Sloan Pipella

## Middle Row

Claire Williams  
Nazleen Nathu  
Christine Sattler  
Mr. Freight  
Laura Todd  
Rene Tetrault  
Lisa Saffel

## Front Row

Paul Roach  
Bill Shields  
David Thakkar  
David Rhind  
Marco Mazzolani  
Elizabeth Peters

## Absent

Lesley Lampman

# 9B



## Absent

Stephanie Armitage  
Vivian Harding

# 10A



## Back Row

Murray Lyle  
Darryl Ohlson  
Cole Bygrove  
Michael Stiles  
Chris Shopperly  
Paul Ronellenfitch  
Cindy Harrington

## Middle Row

Sherry-Ann McKay  
Brian Hoffman  
Mr. Cojocar  
Andrew Matthews  
Heather Burnand  
Susan Pederson

## Front Row

David Lowrey  
Laurence Boyd  
Dennis Kangasneimi

## Back Row

Gail Gilley  
David Wootton  
Michael Detlefsen  
Kevin Laurence  
Vinay Ruparell  
Jay Cross

## Middle Row

Lindsay Rohloff  
Tina Lim  
Mr. Molyneux  
Anne Hordos  
Jennifer Pratt  
Erin Willumsen

## Front Row

David Shutiak  
David Longcroft  
Peter Bruner  
John Ballem  
Simon Goldstein

## Absent

Lisa Parker

# 10B



# 11A



## Back Row

Peter Scott  
Carolyn Dover  
Tracy-Jo Critchlow  
Jill Munch  
Bill Tharp

## Middle Row

Lesley Hollenberg  
Mr. Schmit  
Julia Pratt  
Mary-Jane Nelson

## Front Row

Scott Schultz  
Zuzana Pilich  
Ricardo Martin  
Kate Kewish

## Absent

David Chase  
Ed Klassen  
Ross Wynn

# 11B

## Back Row

David Komlodi  
Kenneth Tsang  
Mitch Ravvin  
Joe Robertson  
Russell Morrison  
Jennifer Hasiuk  
Rodger Trimble  
Mary Lai

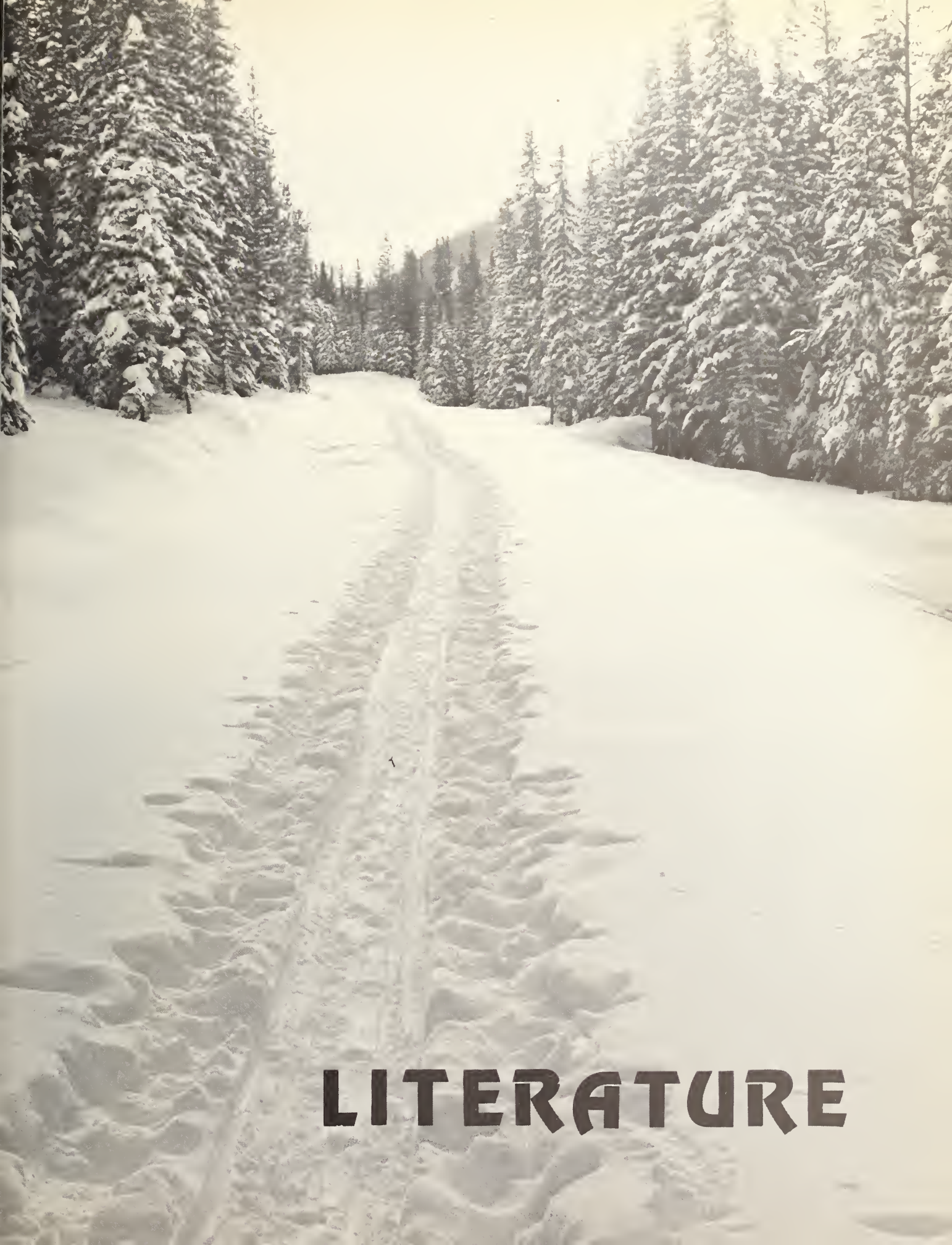
## Front Row

David Fathi  
Janice White  
Mr. Hay  
Celina Dalton  
Patrizia Mazzolani

## Absent

Tracy Bell  
Alex Leung  
Steve Ross





**LITERATURE**

# POETRY



## MEET SOME OF MY FRIENDS

If you meet a bat,  
Don't take off your hat.  
If you meet a snake  
Hit, hit him with a rake.  
If you meet a bear,  
Hid behind a chair.  
If you meet a mouse,  
Don't let him in the house.  
If you meet a fish,  
Feed him from a dish.  
If you meet a bee,  
Ask him for some honey.  
If you meet a kangaroo,  
Put him in a zoo.  
If you meet a butterfly,  
Stop and watch it flutter by.  
If you meet a rat,  
Feed him to the cat.  
If you meet me,  
I'm up in a tree.  
Where it's safe to be!  
If you meet me,  
Climb up a tree but don't take me.

PATRICK PIDGEON  
GRADE 3

## SNOW

The whole world is turning white,  
Isn't it a beautiful sight.  
When it's gone, I don't know  
What we'll do without the snow.

SARAH WOOD  
GRADE 1

## WATERBEDS

Waterbeds for Mom and me,  
When we turn we wave like the sea.  
Then I get in I'm all cozy,  
But the kids outside are all frozy.  
Watch out for sharp things,  
You'll cut the waterbed,  
Zip, zap, zing.  
When we filled it we put in bleach  
So seaweed wouldn't grow just like the sea.

SCOTT HOLT  
GRADE 2

## OUR CATS AND FLUFFY

Small and tan and old and spry,  
Our Coco has a wary eye.  
She watches when you come about,  
In case you're going to throw her out.

Big and white and young and lazy,  
Sometimes Snowball acts quite crazy.  
He walks around and then goes plop.  
He looks just like an old floor mop.

Huge and grey and young and tough ,  
Fluffy scares the others, he's so rough.  
He makes himself big and looks in the door,  
And lets out with a terrible,horrible roar.

CHANTEL JENSEN  
GRADE 4

## PATIENCE

In a tree  
    near the back of the yard,  
A spider was working  
    very hard.  
A low flying bird  
    spotted the spider,  
And he flew down  
    and sat down beside her.  
Said the bird,  
    "You've been working for such a long while,  
Your pattern is perfect,  
    you've such a strange style.  
The north wind will come soon  
    and blow it away.  
Make a rough job,  
    you're gone half the day."  
"To catch good flies  
    you must do a good job.  
I've a great deal of patience  
    and I'll catch a big mob.  
To make a good web  
    you must have lots of pride,  
And that's just what I'll do,"  
    the spider replied.

CATHERINE KOMLODI  
GRADE 5A

## SNOW

As the North wind blows,  
It tingles my toes.  
And the West breeze  
Freezes my knees  
As a snow fort goes  
It tickles my nose.  
And the wind is an ace,  
As it blows in my face.  
I really like snow.  
It is such a show.  
As it goes a prancing  
It looks like it's dancing.  
The frosty glossy snow.

SANDRA RAE  
GRADE 6B

## THE FOREST

It's spring in the forest,  
And the air is crisp and cold.  
The leaves are growing on the trees  
The daffodils are gold.

Squirrels scamper up the trees  
A fawn falls to the ground  
The birds are chirping in the sky  
Then silence strikes - no sound.

Now the animals scramble and hide  
As a man and his son draw near.  
They build a fire to keep themselves warm  
And the forest is soon full of fear.

The man and boy are leaving now  
But the embers they lit still burn.  
The creatures of the forest wonder,  
Will they ever learn?

DEBORAH KOMLODI  
GRADE 6A



## EPITAPH

Dry twigs  
tangled in a web of bitterness  
Try to conceal the neglected remains,  
Intricate patterns like splintered ice.

Spiracles of white  
Carried by gusts of biting wind  
Blanket the solitary remnant,  
Grey like dusk on a bleak day.

Darkness obscures vision  
Of an escaped memory  
Inscribed on its desolate face:  
"People die only when forgotten."

PAMELA KNIGHT  
GRADE 12

Locke Poetry Contest Award



## SO MANY MONKEYS

Monkeys, monkeys, moo !  
Shall we buy a few ?  
Yellow monkeys, purple monkeys,  
Monkeys red and blue.  
Be a monkey do !  
Who's a monkey ? Who ?  
He's a monkey; she's a monkey,  
You're a monkey too.

SUSAN ANDERSON  
GRADE 2



## PHYSICAL EDUCATION

He could swing a heavy shot putt,  
And play golf, and ski and box.  
He could paddle down the rapids,  
Then he'd run and climb the rocks.  
Sometimes he'd take a 12 bore,  
And he'd shoot the targets true.  
He could ride from morn till evening,  
He could swim the mighty slough.  
His football was ferocious,  
His floor hockey - it was great.  
He always wore his gym clothes  
And he never came in late.  
He could race around the school yard,  
He could wrestle all day long,  
But he never passed his Phys. Ed.  
'Cos his log book was all wrong.

BART BORRETT  
GRADE 9A

First Prize-Junior High Poetry Contest

MR. NELSON, WON'T YOU PLEASE

Mr. Nelson, won't you please  
End this course on bugs and bees.  
All those trips down to the pond  
Are journeys of which I'm not fond.

I know I am talking about  
A lot of things which I know not.  
Mosquitoes, beetles, and whirligigs  
Are subjects on which I'm not big.

My mind is baffled by those bugs  
Which I collect in all those jugs.  
I carefully label all those things  
Remembering how that little bee stings.

Mr. Nelson, I beg you please,  
Let us return from the pond and the trees.  
I'm so cold, wet and dejected  
Instead of cool, calm and collected.

Mr. Nelson, I've done my best  
To write the answers on that test.  
Your kindness I'd sure appreciate  
So I can pass into Grade Eight.

CATHY MCKENNA  
GRADE 7B

#### THE OBSERVER

I sit along the seashore  
The breeze blows in my face  
A wave is pounding harshly  
The tide is soon to break.

The crabs are crawling slowly  
The sand is creamy white  
Seagulls dive for dinner  
Soon it will be night.

The tide is creeping slowly  
Without a care I see  
The starfish being swept ashore  
The foam beneath my feet.

I hear my mother calling  
My dreaming now is done  
I'll come back tomorrow  
With the rising of the sun.

ALISON BROOMAN  
GRADE 8A

# POETRY

#### SUMMER MORNING

Summer morning, bright and early,  
Winds are waking, clouds are curly.  
Everything is rosy, pearly,  
Summer morning, bright and early.

SUSAN ANDERSON  
GRADE 2



# LOCKE SHORT STORY

## ALL THE WORLD'S A FLOORBOARD

Before they signed the purchase papers the contractor assured my parents that he would personally see to it that every problem common to a new home would be set in order and, true to his word, he fixed everything my mother told him was wrong. He even repainted an entire wall that the moving men scraped when they carried in the stereo set.

However, there was one problem that seemed more difficult than the others. When anyone walked down the hallway there was a loud squeak that could be heard throughout the house. Mr. Anderson, the contractor, believed that the squeak could be fixed by nailing the guilty floorboard from underneath, in the basement. He worked on it for several days but the squeak seemed louder than ever before.

Mr. Anderson finally gave up trying and told my parents that the carpet would have to be raised in order to get at the board properly. He told them not to worry, that the carpet men would be coming the following week, and that then the floor would rest in peace.

It all seems so long ago now that I really can't remember the circumstances, perhaps the carpet men were overbooked, or one of us had the measles, but the carpet men never came. The carpet was never raised and the squeak was never fixed.

At first the noise bothered my mother very much. I can remember her telling my dad many times that they would never be able to sell the house, if they had to, with that loose floorboard screaming out for a few nails. But like so many things in life that bother us, we learned to live with the loose floorboard and soon the noise of it became part of the hum of existence.

To be perfectly honest, the noisy squeak was sometimes a household helper. A little squeak meant that the baby was near the stairs and that the safety gate should be checked. A still lesser squeak meant that the cat was heading for a night on the town, so open the door and let her out.

As we grew up that loose floorboard was to play an important part in our lives. We now laughingly call that board the "truth table", but at the time it didn't always produce a smile.

When we first started going out at night my parents set a curfew, but they never stayed up until we arrived home. They didn't have to. They had that damned floorboard. Over the years the melody remained the same, but the lyrics changed weekly.

"You're a half hour late, but thank God you're home safely. Goodnight."

"What can you possibly be doing until two o'clock in the morning?"

"It's about time you're home. You've missed breakfast. What are the neighbors going to think?"

The girls in my family had to listen to the same tune, but the lyrics were slightly different.

"Only tramps stay out after one o'clock in the morning. Your father will have plenty to say to you tomorrow."

The one that really iced an already sore head and sour stomach, as the sun was rising in the east was, "When you've worried me to death, don't come crying to my funeral. Just let the whole world know that you killed your mother with worry."

We all tried to circumvent that floorboard, but to no avail. Crawling over it only prolonged the symphony. Jumping over it produced a thud and a sympathetic groan from a neighboring board.

Recently we had a new carpet laid. We were eating our lunch while the carpet men were working. One of the men came into the kitchen and told my mother that he was going up to the hardware store for nails so that he could repair a slightly loose floorboard in the hallway. She thanked him but refused his kind offer by saying, "Please don't destroy the ecology of this house. That floorboard has served me well. That's my built-in warning system. It doesn't bark or bite; it doesn't shed; it doesn't need a licence and I don't have to feed it."

The young man seemed puzzled and we all looked at each other with that look that implied we didn't want Mom letting strangers know of her approaching senility.

The workman returned to the hallway and in a few seconds we all followed him. We wanted to look at that strange device before it was covered by that new carpet for another fifteen years. Never can tell; we might need one of those in our own homes someday.

PAUL MCKENNA  
GRADE 12  
WINNER, LOCKE SHORT STORY  
CONTEST, 1978.

#### A STORY ABOUT A GIRL WHO LOST HER DOG

I woke up last Thursday and went to see my dog Blackie but he was not there. I went to get my Mom and told her that the dog was lost.

I got my friend Deidre and we went looking for the dog. We heard a band. It was a circus band, so we went to the circus. We watched the circus and at the end a man held up a big box. He opened the box and there was Blackie. He asked if anyone owned the dog. I said it was mine so we went home very happy and played with Blackie.

AISLING REIDY  
GRADE 1

#### MY DOG

My door is wrecked. My dog did it. He did it with his teeth. It cost \$50. My dad got very mad. He got so mad we sold him.

ROBBIE MCCALLUM  
GRADE 1

## THE TRIALS OF VEGETABLE GARDENING

I have been working on an advertising project for Mrs. Foster, and everyone says that if you repeat anything often enough, it will eventually "sink in". With this in mind, and also the emphasis recently about "getting back to nature", I know that it will not be long before someone in my family gets the bright idea that it is time once more to plant a garden.

How well I remember last year - indeed, I was quite enthusiastic, for we happen to have a farm near Calgary and I could envision row upon row of delicious, edible goodies. But it didn't quite work out that way.

Having a patch plowed was easy. We watched someone else do it; but to find a crew to build a small fence was like finding hen's teeth. They would do it next month, next year, or even last year, but not then.

"No problem," said Father, "we will do it ourselves - must be good and strong - seven footers, well-pounded in, and a spot of barbed wire."

We hauled posts. We dug holes. We pounded. In spite of a line and measure, the posts were somewhat zig-zag, because every time I hit a rock, I certainly wasn't going to waste time digging it out. I dug a hole next to it, east or west. The line of posts resembled in straightness something like the hind leg of a donkey. Father shook his head, but there was no time to redo it. He did not even give my blisters time to heal before he headed for the wire.

Have any of you ever done battle with a shiny new roll of barbed wire? You get one end stapled to the first post and carry the roll on an iron rod to the last post. I thought it weighed five hundred pounds, or maybe one thousand, but by the time we reached the last post, I had revised my thinking to two thousand pounds. Next, you use a wrecking bar to tighten the wire from the first post, pulling around the first post until the wire is taut.

"Tighter," said Father, "it doesn't ping."

Well, if the first post is not well and truly anchored, it will decide to collapse as you tighten the wire. This means starting all over again, and shows that you did not do what you were supposed to do in the first place.

Another thing I learned was that barbed wire is as cunning as elastic. When you attach one end and try to tighten it to the next post, the first end waits until you are bending down, busy with staples, then it whips around and hits you a stinging blow on the backside. "Bo-ing" it shouts gleefully as you leap forward, in great pain, barbs impaling every part of you within reach.

"Why are you dancing about like that?" asked Father. "Get on with it. The seeds should be in."

With blood dripping, I carried on until the fence was considered horse-proof. Everything Father does has to be horse-proof or bull-proof or both.

Then came the fertilizer. Not for us the artificial kind. Oh dear me no. It had to be the real stuff, right from the barn. The tractors were busy elsewhere, so it came down to good old me, with a wheelbarrow and pitch-fork, digging in an ancient barn, whose floor, I do declare, could not possibly have seen the light of day since 1900. I plodded back and forth for hours, indeed days.

Father decided to mechanize the next step. Time was running out. It is all very well to have plows and discs churning up your garden, but clearing up afterwards is something else. There were ruts so deep at the turns that I could easily have buried a cow, let alone a lettuce seed. However, after much groaning, and the thought of "food to come", these canyons were raked over and seeding began.

Carrots and onions, beets and squash. Row after row of potatoes. As I disposed of each one - hole, plop, cover - I could envisage them multiplying into a couple of tons of French fries, sizzling golden brown. You name the seed, we had some.

No sooner had I finished putting in the last row when Father came to inspect. "Time to start weeding," he said. "Good grief," I replied, "how could they grow so quickly?" But they had. There they were, millions of them, a sea of disgustingly healthy green weeds, and not a vegetable in sight. After hours of diligent hoeing, I sank exhausted into bed very night.

Soon the vegetables were showing. I was ecstatic, and watered with abandon, until the well went dry. Then Father had to have a new well drilled at huge expense. But we didn't give up. The sun shone. I weeded and watered, and all the vegetables were looking great, until the animals found them.

The rabbits were the first. They nibbled contentedly on the lettuce, until they were confined to an escape-proof pen. Some kind of wormate twenty-five per cent of the onions. The sunflowers were a sheer delight of nodding yellow, towering to great heights, until the horses ate the tops off the tallest ones. Two of the pigs wiggled from their pens - they loved the carrots. A few days later I noticed a row of green skeletons and found to my horror that the pretty butterflies I had admired so much had deposited eggs, now caterpillars, which were rapidly devouring the complete cabbage crop. After a vigorous campaign of extermination, the damage was assessed at fifty per cent.

Another day the turkeys decided that they would investigate the growing greenery. Never before had they strayed into that area, but after a morning visit our pea crop had been reduced considerably. A pet pigeon had a ball with the strawberries, and the chickens considered our garden very inviting; it must have been open season for them on bugs and shoots. Only the spinach grew in unparalleled splendour - horrible and dark green, it positively flourished. Nothing liked it, not even I.

Once we found small red potato beetles on the leaves, and these had to be plucked off, though I never did discover why. I had no intention of eating potato leaves. A few gophers decided to set up house-keeping right in the middle of the pumpkin patch. When they sat up and waved at me, whilst chewing a squash, I decided that was it. I hosed them down. Then, one day the old milk cow waddled over and managed to get her head in between the fence wires. Corn was her specialty, and she happily munched all within neck reach.

The potatoes looked good, but we were somewhat atsonished to find that one side of every row contained no tubers, and even I knew that potatoes grew all around the plant. The mystery was solved when we discovered that one of the tenants had been seen on his hands and knees in the garden patch in the middle of the night; he was scooping out the largest tubers from each side as he sped up every other row without disturbing the plants! He did not stay our tenant very long.

However, despite a rapidly depleted crop, the remainder of the salad items was delicious, and there was ample for the final harvest. The squash were superb. The pumpkins huge - and the spinach just grew and grew.

By the end of September it was all over. The first frost had come and at last we could relax.

But you know, I have come to the conclusion that to grow vegetables takes courage - courage to combat the disasters. The one thing that a gardener must always remember is to plant enough for all the animals, birds and bugs within a two section radius.

As I clip out advertisements for my project, I see the packets of seeds with their tantalizing pictures of juicy, colorful fruits are already available. Surely it cannot be that time of the year again? Maybe they will not repeat the advertisements very much this year. But if they do, I know Father will be at it again, and I will be planting. Still, isn't it nice to think, that if all else fails, thank heavens for the supermarket.

#### POETRY

This is but a poem,  
It's purpose is to rhyme.  
No genie is inside,  
But read between the lines.

One could find a prince,  
A dragon fierce to slay,  
To bring his bride its blood,  
And win her love that way.  
One could find the stars,  
Perhaps a cosmic ray,  
Truth about the world,  
Eternal life to stay.

You must imagine this,  
That what you find,  
A poem is ours together,  
Not yours or mine.

LESLEY HOLLENBERG  
GRADE 11A

BART BORRETT  
GRADE 9A  
JUNIOR HIGH SHORT STORY  
CONTEST WINNER



#### FISH

Eyes bulging, mouth and gills convulsing,  
Jumping high, twisting to fall with a crack  
Calmly now - sinking deep into the gloom,  
Tugging gently on the barbed hook.

Being pulled steadily towards the day,  
Seeing one of them standing above,  
Feeling the net, unable to fight,  
Being thrown on the ground, bleeding,  
Dehydrating, gasping,.....dying.

ED KLASSEN  
GRADE 11A



## A WARNING

Recently, feminists throughout the U.S. were up in arms when a member of their ranks was denied permission to change her surname. The woman, a Ms. Cooperman, thought the latter part of her name sexist, and wished to be henceforth known as Ms. Cooperperson. This fanatical feminist's folly proves that there is indeed a plot afoot to neuter the English language, a plot which, if successfully carried out, will make our language not the most egalitarian and non-sexist on earth, but surely the most ridiculous.

In the event of this happening, a large number of our everyday words would have to be altered so as to be no longer sexist. The word "maneuver", for example, would become "personeuver", and "mention", "peopletion". Dedicated doctors would battle the dread disease of personingitis. Criminals would be brought to trial on charges of personslaughter. Personual laborers, unhappy with their jobs, may read the Communist Personifesto. These alterations in our language would, needless to say, render it incomprehensible.

But, that is only part of it. Neutering words is only one thing; doing the same to names is another. Gregor Mendel, father of genetics, were he alive today, would be branded a male chauvinist if he did not change his name to Persondel. The same would apply to Mendelejeff, inventor of the periodic table of the elements, who would be obliged to call himself Persondelejeff. However, the saddest casualty of all this would not be some long dead man of science, but a present-day resident of Seattle named Manny Man.

Even if the feminists are appeased, and all English words and names are neutered, it is possible that some extremists may still not be satisfied. For example, supposing "manifold" becomes "personifold". Some women's libbers may argue that it is still a male-oriented word, and demand that the "son" be changed to "child", resulting in "perchildifold". This non-sexist version is very different from the original, in addition to being quite a mouthful.

If this drastic plot is carried out, it would be only fair for the male sex to demand equal time. The hard layer forming the inside of a mollusc shell would be called parent-of-pearl. Itsicanes, tropical cyclones with winds of seventy-four miles per hour and over, would buffet coastal areas. An abdominal injury, resulting from lifting a heavy load, would be called an itsnia. If we are going to neuter the language, we must at least be consistent.

I have endeavoured to outline the terrible things that would happen if the feminist design succeeds. I have endeavoured to show that we must not let it succeed. We must oppose it wholeheartedly, and fight it tooth and claw every inch of the way. We must preserve our language, just as it is, for all of MANKind.

DAVID FATHI  
GRADE 11B

# CLASS TRIPS



GRADE 12 CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING TRIP



Junior School classes visited High River and Okotoks. They went to Fort Calgary, Heritage Park and the Calgary Zoo. They visited farms and bird sanctuaries, fire-stations and the Glenbow-Alberta Institute.

Above and Right: The Grade 2 class celebrates Pioneer Days at the old schoolhouse in Heritage Park.

Below: The Grade 5 class at the Calgary Zoo.





GRADE 10 STUDENTS PARTICIPATE IN FALL BACK-PACKING TRIP



Above: Senior High School students and teachers enjoyed four days of Spring skiing at Whitefish, Montana.

Left: Grade 12 students and parents participated in a Fall litter-blitz in the Banff National Park.

Below: Senior students enjoyed an end-of-year camping trip along the Oregon coast.



Senior School classes visited the University of Calgary, the fossil beds at Drumheller, and made weekend hiking and skiing trips through the Banff National Park.



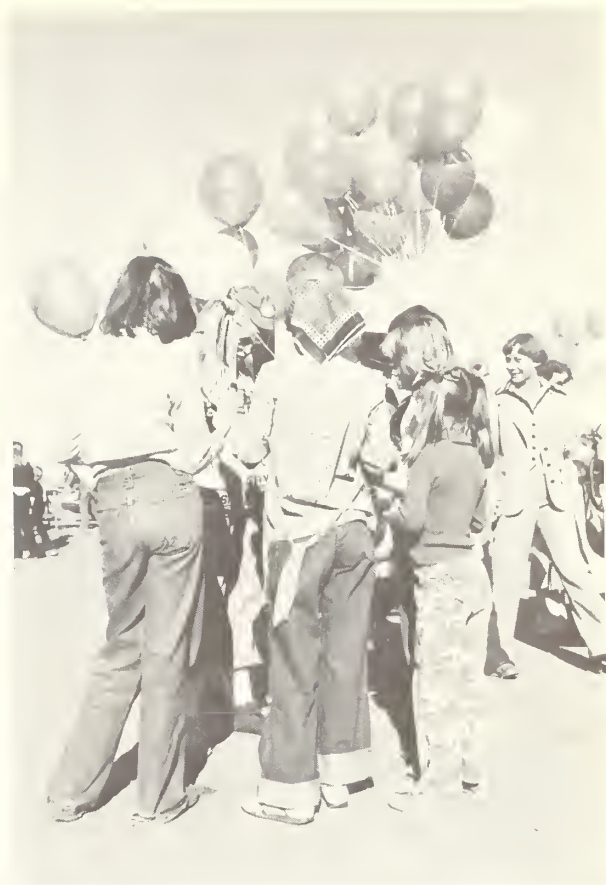
# SPECIAL



Above: The Fall Fair, held on October 16, was a great success. Features of the day were balloon rides and hay rides, and a family trap shoot. There were tables of arts and crafts and baking goods. Prizes in the raffle were a Honda moped, a Pentax camera, a cross-country skiing package and a gift certificate for \$100. The Fall Fair raised \$5,000 for the Junior School Building Project.



# EVENTS



Below: The Class of '78 held its Graduation Dinner and Dance on May 19 at the Holiday Inn. The 33 graduates, their parents and friends, School Governors and members of the staff enjoyed this seventh graduation celebration.





# candid





# CLUBS

## dance

### Back Row

Mrs. Duff  
Tracy Trimble  
Laura Shutlak  
Annette Zeilstra  
Virginia Wilson  
Jill Cross  
Kim Morrison

### Front Row

Dana Skalin  
Jose Zeilstra  
Tara Pipella  
Jocelyn Armstrong  
Leslie Ann Trimble



## referees

### Back Row

Mitch Ravvin  
David Komlodi  
Peter Scott  
Joe Robertson  
Mike Kerr  
Brant Rayment

### Front Row

Shauna Willumsen  
Laura Tynan



# trap and skeet



## outdoor

Sandy Morrison  
Russell Morrison  
Chris Shopperly  
Jay Cross



# students' council



## Back Row

David Thakkar  
Kim Dalton  
Paul McKenna  
Susan Willumsen  
Sandy Morrison  
Sara Goldstein  
Mr. McConnell  
Jay Cross

## Front Row

Barry Warhaft  
Heather Gilley  
Steven Ross  
Jennifer Pratt  
Tom Hadway

# speech contest

## Back Row

Michael Detlefsen  
Jay Cross  
Erin Willumsen  
David Komlodi  
Susan Willumsen  
Dawn Springer  
Rod Kirkham  
Craig Harding

## Front Row

Judy Martin  
Jackie Paget  
Luisa Rottig  
Catherine Komlodi  
Cameron Rohloff  
Alison Brooman  
Tim Hayoz  
David Thakkar  
Deborah Komlodi  
Brett Coyne





# volleyball

# jr. girls



## Back Row

Dayla Nastiuk  
Amanda Longcroft  
Barbara Melathopoulos  
Wendy Maguire  
Vivian Harding  
Stephanie Armitage  
Elizabeth Ashworth  
Donna Hadway  
Mrs. Thompson

## Front Row

April McColl  
Siobhan Chandler  
Luisa Rottig  
Tracey Taylor  
Sharon Hadway  
Tessa Graham  
Alison Brooman

# sr. girls

## Back Row

Mr. Adams  
Shauna Willumsen  
Erin Willumsen  
Dawn Springer  
Pam Knight  
Julia Pratt  
Janice White  
Heather Gilley

## Front Row

Virginia Wilson  
Carolyn Dover  
Gretchen Cross  
Laura Tynan  
Zuzana Pilich  
Jennifer Pratt  
Jodi Costello



# basketball

# jr. boys



## Back Row

Mr. Colborne  
Scott Clark  
Leigh Clarke  
Frank Ashworth  
Clay Hunter  
Hugh Kennedy  
Murray Laidlow  
Mike Kerr

## Front Row

Larry Lim  
Larry Komlodi  
Roddy Heard  
Mark O'Donoghue  
Pat Lampman  
Greg Bauman  
Will Harvie

# sr. boys

## Back Row

Mr. Schmit  
Shauna Willumsen  
Mark Heard  
Ricardo Martin  
Peter Scott  
Rod Kirkham  
Craig Harding  
Joe Robertson  
Bill Tharp  
Erin Willumsen

## Front Row

David Komlodi  
Mike Kerr  
Mitch Ravvin  
Kenneth Tsang  
Cole Bygrove



# badminton

# jr. high



Back Row

Mauritizio Faenzi  
Will Harvie  
John Bilton  
Scott Clark  
Mark O'Donoghue  
Roddy Heard  
Mrs. Duff

Front Row

Tracey Taylor  
Richard Pierce  
Donna Hadway  
Letizia Mansutti  
Larry Lim

# sr. high

Back Row

Mr. Nelson  
Cole Bygrove  
Laura Tynan  
Howard Green  
Jennifer Pratt  
Bill Tharp

Front Row

Erin Willumsen  
Shauna Willumsen



# track team

# jr. high



# sr. high

## Back Row

Mr. Adams  
Mike Stiles  
Bill Tharp  
Russell Morrison  
Craig Harding  
Jay Cross  
Cole Bygrove  
Mr. Colborne

## Front Row

Mrs. Coyne  
Julia Pratt  
Jennifer Pratt  
Gretchen Cross  
Peter Scott



# GYMNASTICS



TIGERS

Valerie Wilson, Susan Anderson, Erin Ross, Allyson Pridie, Sarah Ditchburn, Sarah Wood, Jessica Peters, Aisling Reidy, Regan Hay, Shelley Beattie, Janell Suchorab, Sandra Anderson, Barbara Faenzi.

## ELITE

Renee Tetrault  
Michelle Stevens  
Heather Dodge  
Nichole Tetrault





## NOVICE

### Back

Judy Martin  
Deborah Komlodi  
Catherine Komlodi  
Jose Zeilstra  
Heidi Heuttler

### Middle

Claire Williams  
Amanda Longcroft  
Siobhan Chandler  
Lorraye Saik  
Paula Skilton  
Karen Detlefsen  
Alison Brooman

### Front

Chris Sommerfeldt  
Tracey Taylor  
Sherri-Lee Coady  
Lael Hunter  
Sandra Fox

## INTERMEDIATE ELITE

### Back

Kim Morrison  
Jill Cross  
Virginia Wilson

### Front

Laura Shutiak  
Alex Goldstein  
Leslie Ann Trimble





## JUNIORS

Back

Barb Dunlop  
Luisa Rottig

Middle

Cathy Barrett  
Martina Faenzi

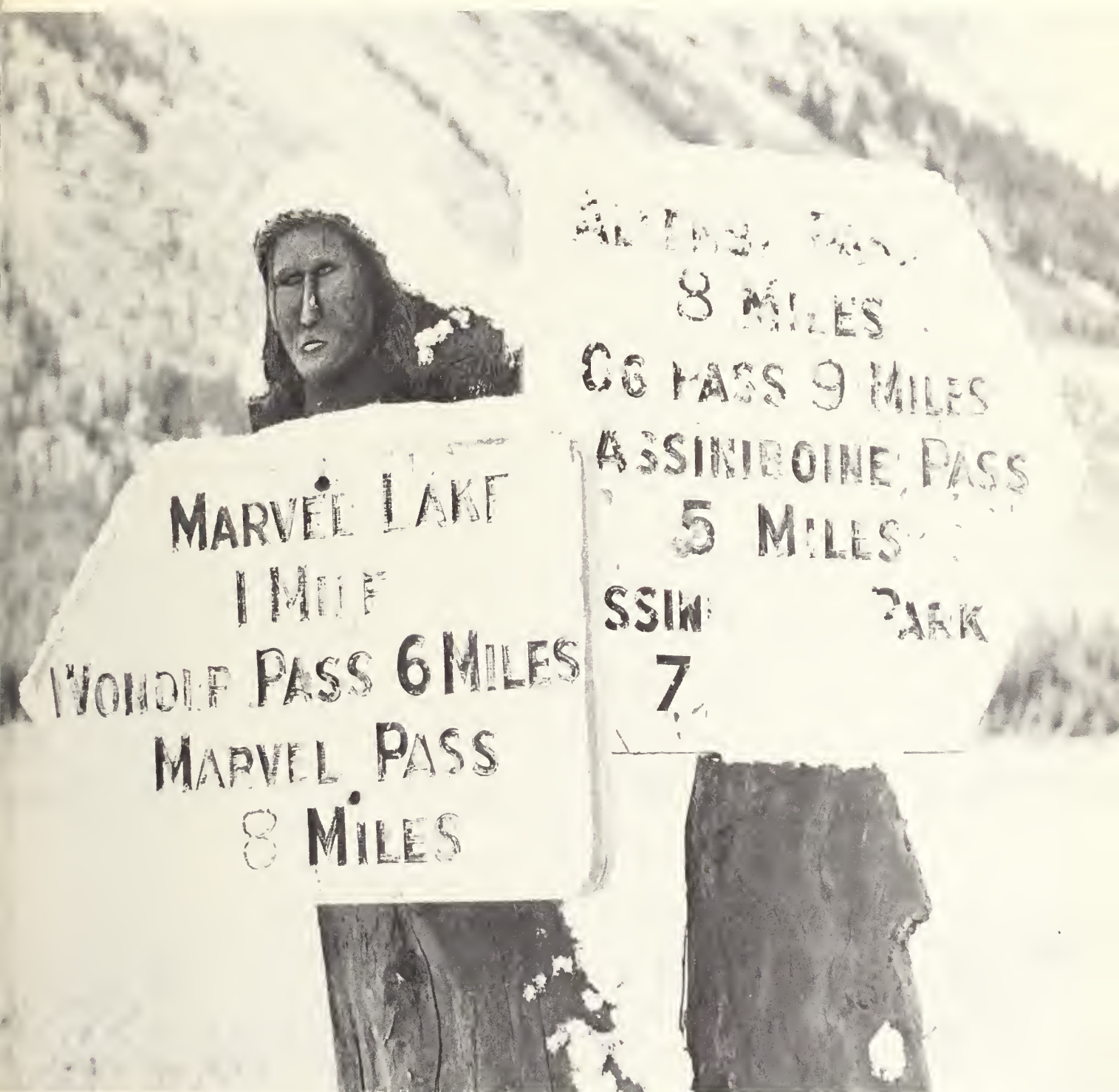
Front

Anita Chakravorty  
Annette Zeilstra

## SENIORS

Moira Carroll, Leanna Gaskell, Rene Tetrault, Chris Sattler





# awards and prizes

## I Honours Awards

- Grade 1 : Lisa Hadway, Robbie McCallum, Jessica Peters, Aisling Reidy, Nicole Tetrault, Sarah Wood.
- Grade 2 : Sandra Anderson, Susan Anderson, Stephen Brill, Darren Millward, Evelyn Vratsidas.
- Grade 3 : Sarah Ditchburn, Regan Hay, Allyson Pridie, Kelly Rae, Erin Ross, Andrew Wilson, Alison Wood.
- Grade 4 : Brett Coyne, Sandra Hordos, Chantel Jensen, Leslie Kende, Caroline Pierce, Teresa Shutlak, Michelle Stevens, Claire Taylor, Valerie Wilson.
- Grade 5 : Trudy Adam, John Burns, Jill Cross, Elizabeth Johnson, Catherine Komlodi, Andrew MacKenzie, Laura Shutlak, Virginia Wilson, Ivana Vicha.
- Grade 6 : Karen Detlefsen, Dawn Ekstrom, Brad Fennell, Kari Fox, Alex Goldstein, Heidi Huettler, Debbie Komlodi, Kim Morrison, Shamash Nathu, Michael Pierce.
- Grade 7 : Kevin Copeland, Kackie Paget, Luisa Rottig, Christina Sommerfeldt.
- Grade 8 : Catherine Barrett, Seema Ganatra, Larry Lim, Wendy Maguire, Colin Taylor.
- Grade 9 : Sara Goldstein, Letitizia Mansutti, Lisa Saffel, Firoz Shah, David Thakkar.
- Grade 10 : Jay Cross, Michael Detlefsen, Gail Gilley, Simon Goldstein, David Shutlak.
- Grade 11 : David Fathi, David Komlodi, Rodger Trimble, Kenneth Tsang.
- Grade 12 : Heather Gilley, Mark Heard, Pam Knight.

## II Subject Awards

|                |                               |             |                            |
|----------------|-------------------------------|-------------|----------------------------|
| Art            | Mary Nelson, Ross Willis      | Mathematics | Wendy Maguire, Erin        |
| Classics       | Sara Goldstein                |             | Carpenter, Kenneth Tsang   |
| English        | Sara Goldstein, Lisa Saffel   | Physical    | Renee Tetrault, Larry Lim, |
|                | David Fathi                   | Education   | Jay Cross                  |
| French         | Sara Goldstein, Pamela Knight | Science     | Kevin Copeland, Letitizia  |
| Biology        | Heather Gilley                |             | Mansutti                   |
| Chemistry      | Simon Goldstein               | Physics     | Mark Heard                 |
| Social Studies | Sara Goldstein, Jay Cross     |             |                            |

Award for Consistent Academic Achievement - Gretchen Cross, Virginia Wilson.

The Dorothy Goldstein Memorial Prize for Proficiency in Mathematics and Science:

Junior High School - Sara Goldstein      Senior High School - David Fathi

## III Athletic Awards

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Outstanding Female Athlete, Junior High School, | Renee Tetrault |
| Outstanding Male Athlete, Junior High School,   | Murray Laidlow |
| Outstanding Female Athlete, Senior High School, | Laura Tynan    |
| Outstanding Male Athlete, Senior High School,   | Rod Kirkham    |
| The Outdoorsman Award                           | Mark Heard     |

#### IV House Awards

|                                                |              |
|------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Junior School House Award                      | Howard House |
| Junior High House Award                        | Buchan House |
| Hewitt Cup, Senior High Intramural Competition | Howard House |

#### V Proficiency Awards

|                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Gr. 1 Aisling Reidy      | Gr. 7A Kevin Copeland    |
| Gr. 2 Sandra Anderson    | Gr. 7B Jackie Paget      |
| Gr. 3 Alison Wood        | Gr. 8A Catherine Barrett |
| Gr. 4 Leslie Kende       | Gr. 8B Larry Lim         |
| Gr. 5A Catherine Komlodi | Gr. 9A Sara Goldstein    |
| Gr. 5B Laura Shutlak     | Gr. 9B Lisa Saffel       |
| Virginia Wilson          | Gr. 10 Jay Cross         |
| Gr. 6A Karen Detlefsen   | Gr. 11 David Fathi       |
| Alex Goldstein           | Gr. 12 Mark Heard        |
| Gr. 6B Kim Morrison      |                          |

#### VI Special Awards

##### 1. Senior Class Certificates

|                  |                 |                  |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| Marco Arietti    | Craig Harding   | Brant Rayment    |
| Jamie Bertram    | Mark Heard      | Greg Ross        |
| Doug Chapman     | Heather Johnson | Munira Shireen   |
| Mariana Chu      | Mike Kerr       | Dawn Springer    |
| Michael Colborne | Rod Kirkham     | Melanie Tetrault |
| Jodi Costello    | Pamela Knight   | Jim Thomasson    |
| Gretchen Cross   | Christine Leung | Laura Tynan      |
| Leanna Gaskell   | Paul McKenna    | Ross Willis      |
| Heather Gilley   | Geoff McMillan  | Shauna Willumsen |
| Howard Green     | Dwayne Morberg  | Susan Willumsen  |
| Tom Hadway       | Sandy Morrison  | Virginia Wilson  |

- |                                           |                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 2. Canadian Citizenship and Studies Award | - Michael Detlefsen                                    |
| 3. The Locke Creative Writing Contest     | - Pamela Knight (Poetry)<br>Paul McKenna (Short Story) |
| 4. The School Essay Contest               | - Greg Ross<br>Paul McKenna                            |

##### 5. Scholarships

|                                   |                   |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| Staff Bursaries                   | Catherine Barrett |
|                                   | Virginia Wilson   |
| Chartwell Award                   | Jackie Paget      |
| Neil McQueen Memorial Scholarship | Chris Shopperly   |

#### VII Major Awards

|                                              |                               |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| The Mrs. A.E. Dunn Trophy                    | Alex Goldstein                |
| The Strathcona-Tweedsmuir Junior High Trophy | Anita Chakravorty             |
| The Buchan Trophy                            | Sara Goldstein, David Thakkar |
| The David Pike Memorial                      | Tom Hadway                    |
| The Strathcona Award                         | Ross Willis                   |
| The Tanner Cup                               | Heather Gilley, Paul McKenna  |
| The Howard Trophy                            | David Komlodi                 |

Valedictorian - Rod Kirkham



Mrs. Kathy Coskey (1968-1978). Mrs. Coskey joined the staff of Tweedsmuir School in 1968 and taught there for three years before joining the staff of Strathcona-Tweedsmuir in 1971. Mrs. Coskey, as a member of staff for ten years, will be remembered for her teaching of Grades 5 and 6, and for leading the Junior School Choir. We wish her a very happy retirement.



Dr. Eva Nosal (1975-1978). Dr. Nosal taught mathematics in the senior high school for two years prior to taking a leave of absence last year. Dr. Nosal was responsible for gaining participation by Strathcona-Tweedsmuir students in the National Mathematics Contest, a contest in which several students have been highly successful. We wish Dr. Nosal every success in her new career.

Mme. Christiane Marechal (1977-1978). Mme. Marechal taught French part-time at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir during this year. She was responsible for the French programme in Grades 4-6. We wish her every success in her new career.

Mrs. Anne Thompson (1977-1978). Mrs. Thompson was a part-time physical education teacher in the Junior School this year. She leaves us to raise a family. Our thanks and good wishes go with her.





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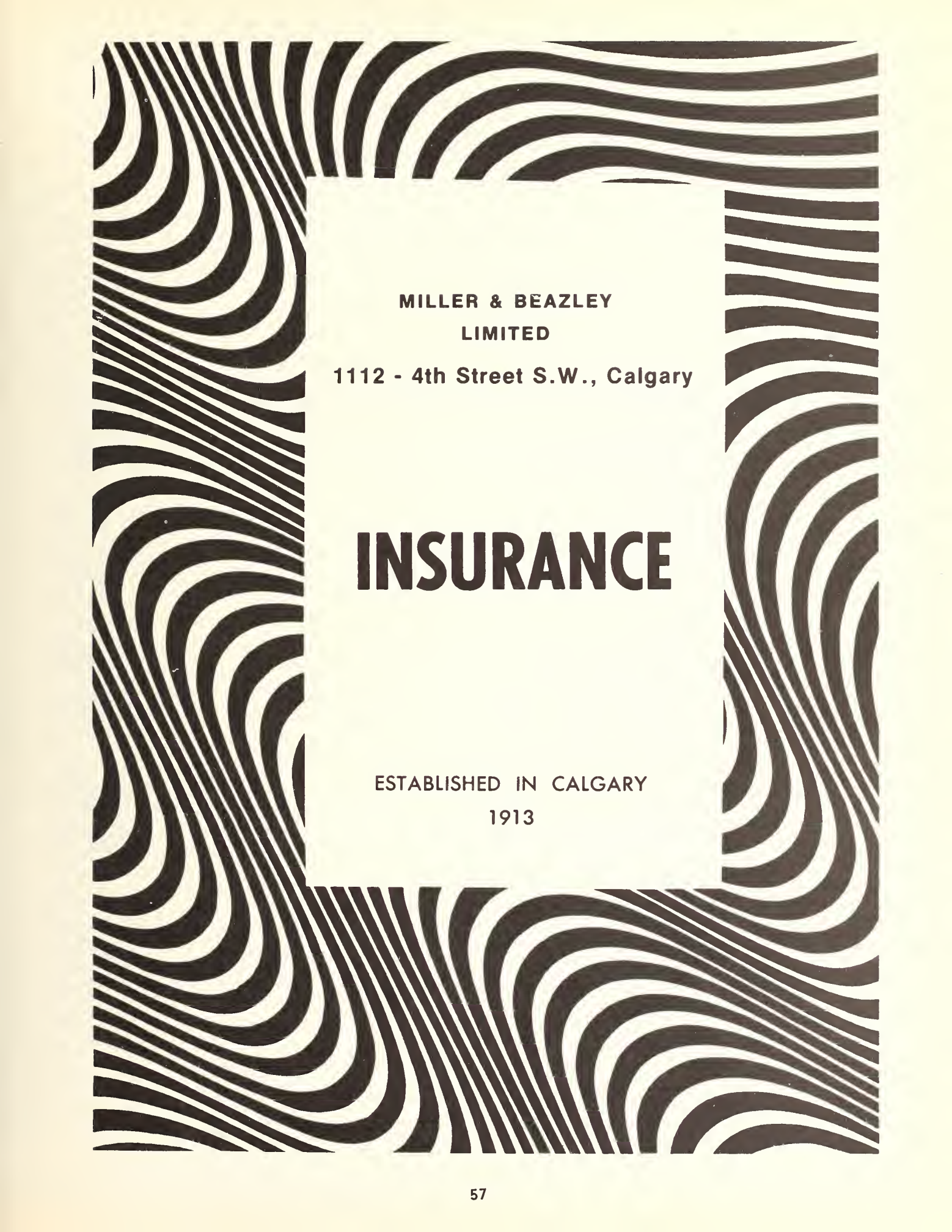
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*The Staff & Trainees of the V.R.R.I.  
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to Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School students  
& staff who participated in V.R.R.I.'s pro-  
gram.*

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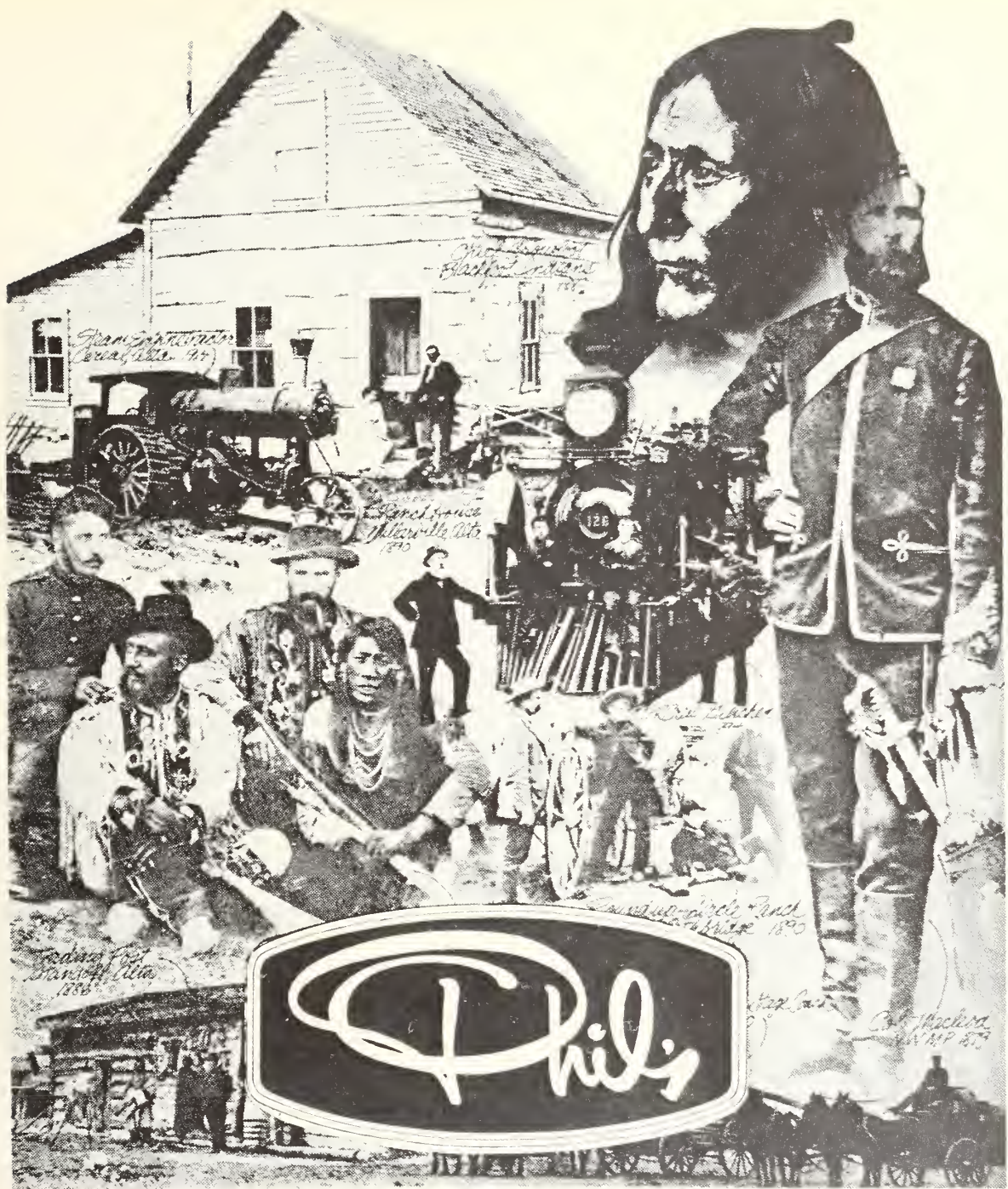
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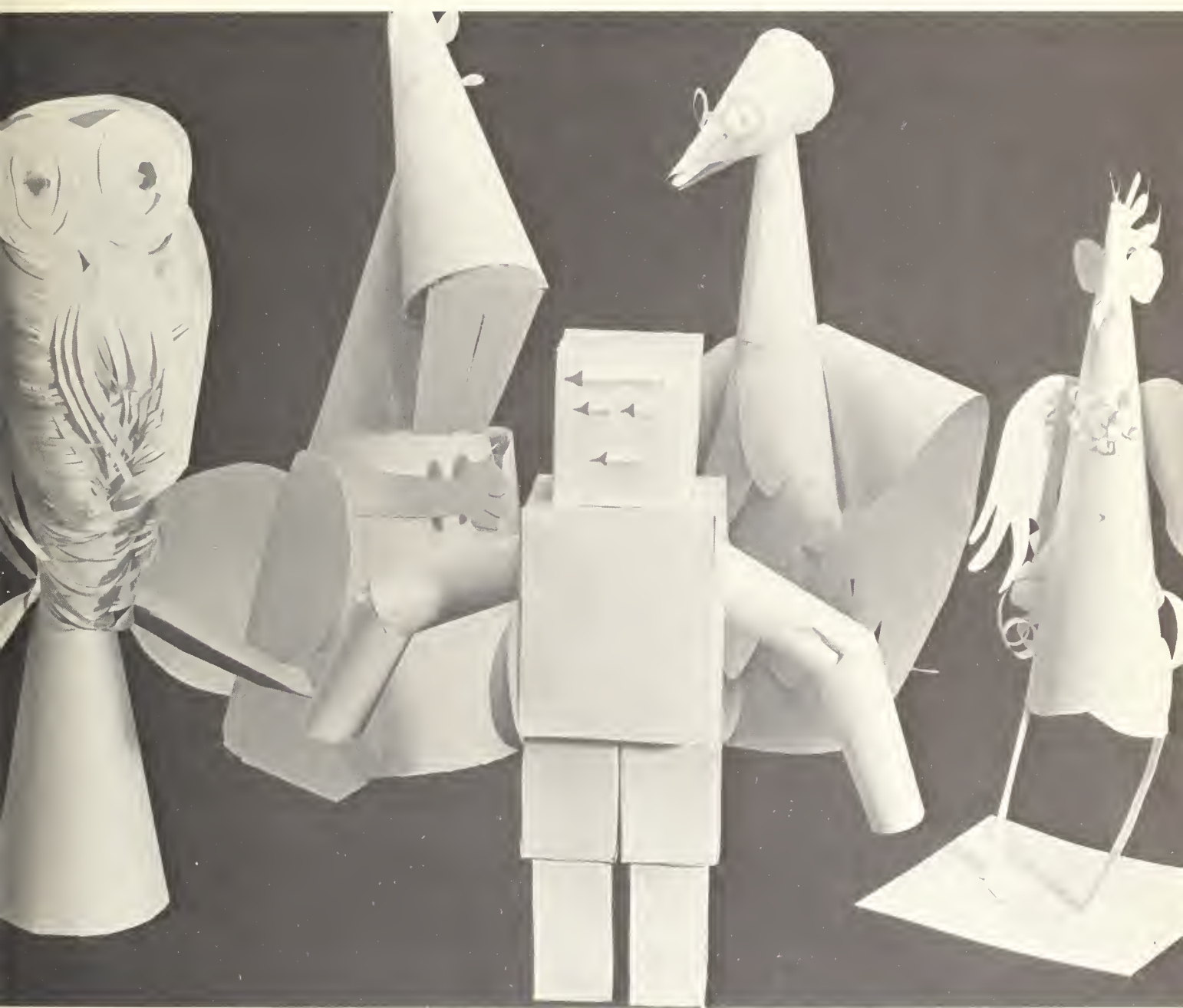
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## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mrs. Locke, Board of Governors, Mr. Heard, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students.

Well my twelve years at good old Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School have finally come to an end.

The School was not always known as Strathcona-Tweedsmuir though. My first years were spent at Strathcona School for Boys. Now that was an education...between learning how to tie my tie, skate make excuses for not running the cross country, to say nothing of reading writing and arithmetic, the early years were kept quite busy.

In Grade One I was under the care and guidance of Mr. Howard, our Headmaster at the time. Mr. Howard was a strong believer in boxing gloves when it came time for boys to air their differences. Subsequently, I spent my first one and a half weeks nursing my battle tattered, blood stricken nose. Mr. Howard might have believed in the fundamental method of solving an argument but fortunately for me he also believed in the fundamental principle of a fair fight and as small and as inexperienced as I was, I found that a true comfort.

After my first year a new man took over the job of Headmaster. A real rookie by the name of Heard. With my Grade Two insight and wisdom I knew I wasn't too sure about him at the time. To me he just did not look right for the job. But as time passed I got used to him, he didn't appear to be too tyrannical; almost a level headed sort of fellow you might say. You know he even ran the cross country with us, and for him that turned out to be a grave medical mistake.

In those first four years Mr. Heard seemed to be developing into a real veteran as far as being a Headmaster goes. Everything was moving along just fine until Mr. Heard and a few of the members of the Board decided that it would be a good idea for Strathcona School for Boys and Tweedsmuir Academic School for Girls to combine and form one school, Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School. They must not have known very much about school boys and I didn't think I'd ever forgive Mr. Heard.

Oh, those first years were rough. I'd never had to worry about how my hair looked, or if I had brushed my teeth, but with girls around it was a different matter entirely. I even tried to keep my shirt tucked in, but as most of you know, it was to no avail. Well, after eight years of co-ed schooling, I have finally forgiven Mr. Heard, and you know, this year I was actually starting to get used to the girls. Don't think it wasn't a sacrifice on my part though.

The time has come for me to say goodbye, and I can truthfully say whether you have spent twelve years or only one at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir, it is a thoroughly enjoyable experience. On behalf of the Grade Twelve Class, I would like to thank everyone, teachers, the Board, parents, and even you the Grade Twelve Students of tomorrow for making our education both meaningful and memorable. Thank you.



Rod Kirkham







